

# DWIGHT'S AMERICAN MAGAZINE,

AND

## FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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DURHAM CATTLE.

Here is a spirited portrait of one of the first cattle of the celebrated Durham breed of England, ever imported into America. So common have importations of foreign domestic animals now become, that it will gratify some of our readers to know a few facts relating to the commencement of this important department of improvement.

So early as the year 1824, the late Gen. Stephen Van Rennselaer, of Albany, imported the fine animal represented above, with two others of the same breed, seen in the back-ground of the picture. Having succeeded, with the aid of Mr. John S. Skinner, editor of the "American Farmer," in procuring these valuable animals in a healthy condition, with his accustomed liberality and patriotic spirit, he offered every inducement to the neighboring farmers, to improve the breeds of their own cattle. So much ignorance, indifference and prejudice, however, then prevailed in the country, that nothing was done for several years. The public, however, are now much interested in the subject, and many cattle are now

in possession of our farmers, of this, and other of the best foreign breeds.

The name of the animal above depicted was originally Washington; but his American purchaser, actuated by his high veneration for the Father of his country, changed it to Champion. The color was a dark red, with white or roan spots interspersed over him, and bred by Mr. Champion, of Blythe, England. The following extract from his letter, gives a just account of him.

"I do not hesitate to say that he possesses more valuable points, substance, and desirable quality of flesh, than any other I ever saw with as light bone and offal; and I feel great pleasure that I have such an animal to send to America."

He lived to the age of eighteen years, and died in 1839.

The two heifers, named Conquest and Pansey, were handsome and fine animals.

We add a few remarks on certain points connected with the management of cattle, selected from a late agricultural publication.

"The object of any judicious farmer should be, to improve his own condition, by improving the condition of his farm; and as this cannot be done without manure, and as manure cannot always be had without stock, it becomes a matter of prime consideration how the animals can be most economically maintained and made available, and by what management the largest quantity can be most easily obtained.

The experience of the best farmers in Europe and a few well authenticated cases in this country, prove that, by the growth of green crops, such as clover, rye-grass, lucerne, Indian corn, turnips, mangel-wurtzel, carrots, and cabbages, the same ground which in poor pasture would scarcely feed one cow in summer, will, under judicious management of the crops above mentioned, feed three the whole year round, if the cattle are kept and fed in the house; and further, that the amount produced by one of these cows so fed, and well bedded by the straw saved by using better food, will be equal to that produced by three cows pastured in summer, and kept badly littered in winter, with only straw and hay to eat.

If therefore, three cows may be provided with food in the house all the year, from ground which will scarcely feed one under pasture for the summer; and if one cow so fed in the house will afford as much in amount as three fed in the field; it follows that any one who may now be able to keep only one cow, would, by adopting this plan, be able to keep three, each producing quite as much as three cows fed in the usual way; and that he will have nine times as much by this method, as he would have by the old.

In proof of the advantages which attend the soiling of cattle, it may be stated, as the result of an experiment actually made in England with an acre and a half of red clover, that seven milch-cows were fed with the produce for 64 days, each cow being supplied with 168 lbs. of clover daily, making in all 33 1-2 tons of produce from the acre and a half of land, in the 64 days; and the value in other respects was great. This product constitutes, in truth, one chief source of the farmer's wealth; yet from a too common disregard or mismanagement of this important element of fertility, what serious losses every year are sustained, not by

the farmer only, but by the community at large.

To insure the advantages of stall-feeding, however, both as respects the health and progress of the cattle, &c., it is essential that the sheds, yards, and stalls should be so arranged as to economize, labor, and secure the warmth and comfort of the animals.

Young animals, requiring exercise, will generally grow better, and acquire more vigor in the open pasture, than when confined in a house or fold; but cows are impatient of heat, when the sun scorches and the gad-fly stings, and feeding them in houses increases their milk, and the manure is thereby preserved and greatly increased. Warmth and rest are necessary for the fattening of all animals, and these essentials are secured by stall-feeding.

A bullock fed in the house consumes much less food, and fattens much sooner, than if fed in the field, the difference amounting in many cases to one-half in favor of house-feeding. Heat and cold, and the variations of climate, affect cattle in the open field, whilst those under cover are protected; and much exercise prevents the secretion of fat. This applies equally well to sheep, pigs, and poultry, and, by the judicious farmer, should never be lost sight of.

Working horses and oxen are greatly benefitted by soiling, being saved thereby the labor of collecting their food, after their task is done. They can also fill themselves sooner, and consequently have more time for rest; and they repose much better in a stable or shed, with plenty of litter, than in an open field, where there are so many things to annoy them.

Bullocks fed in the house, become more tractable for work, and are free from many accidents and disorders. The size and symmetry of cattle thus fed and sheltered, show that stock so kept will generally surpass that which is exposed to the vicissitudes of climate and other circumstances inseparable from open grazing, even on the best pastures.

The practice of soiling cows and cattle, either tied up in stalls, or in sheds, or fed loose in the fold-yard, is not so general as that of horses; but since it answers for horses to be fed in the stable, there can be no reason why house-feeding should not answer for cattle. Any



quantity of clover and other green crops, may be consumed in this way to the great benefit of the tillage-farmer, who always needs more manure than can be accumulated from the straw of his grain-crops alone; and it is obvious that a much larger quantity may be obtained by this practice, than in the ordinary way, while the quality is greatly superior.

When cattle are soiled in the open farm-yard, sheds should be fitted up in some convenient part of it, for shelter from the sun and rain. They may have the use of the yard for air and exercise, and when confined entirely in the stalls, they must be kept dry and perfectly clean. To allow them to sleep or stand in wet, or dirt, would be very injurious, lessening the milk in one case, and retarding the fattening in the other, and injuring their health in both.

In stall-feeding, the food should be given frequently and in small quantities. By a judicious mixture, and a regular supply, a much greater increase of flesh may be produced than by any irregular mode of feeding, however good the quality, or abundant the quantity of the food. To over-feed, is as bad as to starve a beast, and it produces similar effects. On the least appearance of a loss of appetite, the quantity of food must be lessened.

When the diet of cows is suddenly changed from dry food to green, they are apt to injure themselves at first, by eating too eagerly of the green food; and on this account, care should be taken that they have not too much at once, but that it be given often and in small quantities.

Clover should be given sparingly at first; for, if too abundant, or if it be given in a wet state, it is apt to bring on a disease called hoving, or swelling. This complaint is supposed to arise from the air, or gases generated by the fermentation of the clover in the stomach of the animal; and if relief is not speedily afforded, death is liable to ensue. The clover should be cut the day before it is given to the cattle, which will generally prevent their swelling; but if this disease should attack them, half a pint of train-oil, an egg-shell full of tar, or a pound of salt dissolved in water, will soon afford relief. Straw should be given with the clover as fodder, which will correct it.

Pigs may also be soiled on clover

with much advantage, and for that purpose alone there ought to be a small patch of this grass in every cottage garden.

In soiling, the cattle should always have an abundance of good water, and a careful person should be appointed to attend them, and to supply them regularly with fresh food. Indian corn or millet sown at different times, to be cut in succession, when the clover fails or becomes over-ripe, are highly useful, as the dairy cows will otherwise fall off in milk. In Holland, the cows are fed in the house, are supplied with water mixed with oil-cake, rye or oatmeal, and they are allowed a supply of salt, which conduces to their health, and improves the quality, and increases the quantity of their milk.

In feeding cows, it has been recommended to commence at six o'clock in the morning, with turnips, clover, or other green food, according to the season; and then to give a feed every two hours till night, with a small parcel of hay between each; that is, six feeds of green food, and five of hay each day, with hay at night. Two pounds of hay will be enough at each feed, and four pounds at night, which makes fourteen pounds in twenty-four hours. The cows should have water twice a day. Sixty pounds of mangold wortzel, or turnips, per day, is enough for a cow. Previous to being given, the roots should be washed clean, and cut into large slices; if cut into small, round, or square pieces, there is more danger of choking than when cut into large slices. A little salt scattered on the roots, after being cut, will be very serviceable.—*American Agriculturist*.

SEPTEMBER.—The declining suns of September, the mellow air, the ripening fruits and the reflection that the hardest labors of the year are past, make this one of the most pleasant months which the farmer enjoys. He can now pursue with sufficient leisure the proper improvements of the season to be made on his lands, without that over-anxiety about the weather, which harrassed him in his most important harvests.

The labors of the plough which he commenced in August, must be continued, and the sooner he sows his grass seed after this month commences, the more likely will he be to realise a good harvest from it the next season.—SEL.

### Mexican Hospitality.

*Lieutenant Whipple's Account of his Capture and treatment by the Mexicans.*

DEAR SIR:—I have been a prisoner at this place two days, and have the honour to report myself as a live man. The particulars of the capture, were as follows:

Induced by the lively description of Mr. Barnes, I visited a Catholic burying-ground outside the city walls of Vera Cruz. It proved farther than I had anticipated, but as many people were on every side of me I never thought of danger, though Barnes was wholly unarmed, not having even a stick, and myself was without pistols, either in my holsters or about my person, and armed with my sword only, which under any tolerable advantages would be all a soldier might ask. We dismounted and hitched our horses near the gate, and entered the yard, which is surrounded by a very high brick wall. Here I leisurely observed the novelties of the first Catholic burial-place I had ever seen; and as we came through a small gate we were surprised by three men on horseback within 20 feet, riding toward us with carbines presented, and demanding me to surrender. At first I could not believe these men to be in earnest, a subject on which I soon saw they entertained no doubt, for seeing me plant my back against the wall and draw my sword, they dismounted, made a flourish with their carbines, repeating their demand of surrender—I advanced towards them one or two paces to get striking distance, when they all drew their swords and made towards me—one of them, a Mexican captain, as I since learn, named Jose Maria Prieto, made a strong blow directly at my head; just as they drew and advanced, my friend Barnes, not having a single weapon, turned directly back through the gate, and I saw no more of him. I fortunately broke the force of the blow by a parry, not, however, in season to prevent the captain's blade making such striking impression on my skull as nearly to stun me, but not sufficient, owing, as I think, to the dullness of his blade, and my cloth cap, to inflict any gash. Of course, I reciprocated his attentions by a strong cut at his neck, when he and the other two soldiers, who had been kept back by the swing of my blade, sprung back about five paces from me, threw their swords upon the ground, and drew up their carbines, which they had

retained in their left hands, aimed deliberately at my head, all cocked, and again demanded a surrender. I then stood my back to the wall, and the three men on the other three sides all beyond my reach, and so far from each other as to give me no chance to strike at them or their weapons. I then asked them what they wanted, in order to gain time, affecting not to know whether they wanted my money or myself. They soon seemed aware of my intent; and although, from the beginning, it was obvious that they wished to avoid discharging their pieces so near the city, still I saw unmistakeable signs that the time of parley was closed. Unable to reach my horse or attack them, I surrendered to the captain, and the three bringing my arms behind me, and taking the end of the rope with which they had tied my hands, one of them mounted my horse, and, putting me on a mustang, rode off at full speed. Further particulars of my journey, I shall write hereafter.

I arrived within ten miles of this place late at night, slept a short time in as good lodgings as anybody on the premises, a few scattering rancheros; rose, and got here about seven in the morning. From the time of my capture I was honorably treated by the captain as a prisoner of war. After crossing a deep river, he loosed my arms, and we went on. Strange to say, I rode on through the deep forests, the sequestered paths abounding in new and beautiful flowers and vines, and all that my heart had ever conceived of loveliness in nature, so lost in admiration of the unsurpassable glories of the way as to feel almost forgetful that I was bound, and wholly careless about the result of my novel situation. Some faint description of this truly lovely route you shall have hereafter. Now a few words of my treatment. In me, all that has been said of Mexican cruelty, has been wholly falsified. I was placed in the house of the Senora Augustina Fernando. She has treated me with more than hospitality. I have received of her hands the kindness and tenderness of a mother. To-night I cannot devote time to particulars, but I earnestly desire all may know her kindness to an American prisoner. But this is only a beginning. You will be astonished to hear that all the inhabitants of this village have extended toward me more than the elegant civilities of refined



life. They have received me cordially at their houses—they have given me assistance with a delicacy and propriety which no American community can excel. For instance, the Senora caused me to be furnished with a clean linen shirt, and had all my dirty clothes (thanks to life in camp) washed.

The Catholic Padre, Manuel de Silvia, furnished me every comfort, and crowned all his attention to me by communicating in Latin that my friend Barnes had been heard from, and was alive. He walked with me arm and arm about the village, visiting the Alcalde, a most benevolent and kind-hearted man, and the principal places in the place, and his church among others, and gave me money and clothes to dress as a citizen, and save me the mortification of going to Cordova in American uniform—all at his own suggestion. He has done me the kindness to propose to carry or cause this letter to be sent to Vera Cruz, and in every thing has been truly to me a friend and a christian. God grant that his example may be imitated by all clergymen. By means of the Latin I could learn and communicate most that I could be made to understand, for no one understood English.

Casto Fernando, a citizen here, bestowed on me every attention, and gave me money with a delicacy so exquisite as to make it impossible to decline with grace, though of course I did so. Others made me similar presents; and one young gentleman, Jose Maria Villegas, of talent and excellent heart, seemed to exhaust his ingenuity in making me happy. As to comfort, I assure you it never in my life was more consulted by my most intimate friends. From some reason, all who approach me, particularly of the white or Spanish blood, bestow upon me more favors than I can name, and in a manner which I cannot refuse. For instance—the young man above named, since I commenced writing this, came in as I sat at my table, and handed me a dollar. Of course, I declined. He gently put his arm around my head, clasped it to his bosom in a manner so tender and a countenance so full of entreaty, that to say a word more would have been sheer brutality. Another young man very coolly came in since I commenced writing, and laid three dollars down on the table, with a sort of business air, and when I began

to decline seemed so inclined to be offended that I said no more. This gentleman is called Estevan Pons y Camp. There are two beautiful and interesting young ladies who have honored me with every attention that my situation required.

In short, I cannot describe to you the generous treatment I have received at the hands of this people—never shall I forget them—I would go from Vera Cruz, to visit the lady Senora Fernando for her kindness to me—God bless her and her household, is my fervent ejaculation—but it is late, and I must close. Let this account of the kindness I have received, be published in justice to the Mexicans themselves, and that if our arms are ever turned upon them, those I have named, and all the inhabitants, may be remembered in mercy. My health is first rate. Tomorrow evening at 4 o'clock, I start for Cordova. The Senora sends one of her servants to see me well there, and Mariana Fuster, a fine young Castilian, has kindly volunteered to accompany me—so you can see I am kindly treated in more ways than I can describe.

I am informed I shall be kindly treated at Cordova, as prisoner of war, and exchanged in due time. My personal regards to every officer in my regiment, and especially to my Colonel and Major, Seymour and Lally, and Dr. Stephen.

I am your most ob't serv't,

WHIPPLE, 1st Lt. Adj't. 9th Inf.

#### Woman.

The government of families leads to the comfort of communities, and the welfare of nations. Of every domestic circle, woman is the centre. Home, that scene of purest and dearest joy—home is the EMPIRE of woman. There she plans, directs, and performs the acknowledged source of dignity and felicity.—Where female virtue is most pure, female sense is most approved, and where female deportment is most correct, there will be found most propriety of social manners. The early years of childhood, the most precious years of life, are confined to woman's superintendence, and therefore may be presumed to lay the fountain of all the virtues, and all the wisdom to enrich the world.—SEL.

Esteem is the mother of love, but the daughter is often older than the mother.

### Extensive Flouring Mills.

Among the mechanical improvements of the age, are the Marine Mills of Cleveland, owned and run by Messrs. S. R. Hutchinson & Co. These mills are situated upon the river, and are used exclusively for flouring. They have 5 pair of 4 1-2 feet French burr stones, which (together with the other machinery) are driven by two high pressure engines. The cylinders of each are 16 inches diameter, 30 inch stroke. The steam is generated in two boilers, each 42 feet in diameter, 16 feet long, having two flues in each. There is a large heater with numerous copper tubes, through which the escape steam passes. These tubes are surrounded by water, which receives the heat of the steam it condenses, before it is forced into the boiler; thus using the escape steam as fuel. To the engines are affixed patent cutoffs, for using the steam expansively. The pitmans are both attached to the main upright shaft. The economy in the use of two engines instead of one, appears to be, that while one engine is passing its centre, just then the other is in full power. The principal driving wheel acts also as a balance wheel. The five pair of stones are in a cluster on the 2d floor, and are raised on a platform. The upper mill stone is more than double the usual thickness. The common hopper and damsel is dispensed with. The grain is fed into the eyes of the stones by spouts. Attached to the bales are cast iron saucers; the spouts, which are moveable, are brought nearly in contact with the saucers. When the mill is at rest, no grain will run out of the spouts. When in motion, the centrifugal force distributes the grain in equal quantities between the stones. As the speed of the stones is accelerated, the quantity of grain thrown from the saucers is increased.

The next improvement I noticed, was the facility with which either run of stones was thrown in and out of gear. The ease with which the millers can do their work (never having to leave the one floor) puts this mill in that respect before all others I have seen. The packing is done by a very simple lever worked by the machine. The whole machinery of mill and engine occupies a space 40 by 50 feet, 4 stories high. With the consumption of 75 bushels of bituminous coal in 24 hours, 400 barrels of superfine

flour is ground. Coal costs 8c. per bushel. Adjoining the mill, but having a separate frame, is a warehouse capable of holding 30,000 bushels of wheat, and 10,000 barrels of flour. In the warehouse is a stand of ship elevators, capable of elevating 2000 bushels of wheat per hour. The whole cost of all this property has been less than \$25,000. The engines and castings were made at the Cuyahoga foundry in this city, and the whole has been got up under the superintence of Mr. T. C. Floyd, the millright, to whom the milling interest hereafter must be much indebted. For economy, simplicity of construction, and compactness of machinery, the Marine Mills of Cleveland stand unrivalled; and as with us in New York, water power is a commodity not to be had, while steam power is within the reach of all, it would be well for our mechanics to avail themselves of improvements, without adhering to the idea that because we are the emporium of America, we are naturally so of the arts and sciences. If any party thinks I am mistaken, let them compare the results of other mills with the facts I have given.

In addition, the proprietors are now adding a machine for drying flour for exportation. As I understand the improvement, it consists in using the heat of steam; and while the flour is drying, it is kept in constant motion upon a surface that permits the moisture to pass off readily. A friend who has seen the machine in operation in a mill near this place, says that it resembles a wheelbarrow in one respect, viz: that it could not be improved; and further says it is applicable to any kind of flouring mills or warehouses, and is used for drying grain, flour, or meal.

Should this machine prove to be what is said of it, what a revolution may it not effect. The majority of the flour ground in the West is ground during the winter and spring months. The opening of navigation sends it forward to a market. The liability of souring, that exists in winter-ground flour, induces the miller and his factor to throw it into consumption as speedily as possible. If the price is low, the factor dare not take the risk of holding it over the hot months. What becomes of it? Every year's experience shows the immense losses that some parties suffer from the souring of flour; but these losses are light compared to what



they will be, if this or some other plan is not adopted to prevent it. Up to last year our home consumption and Southern export demand, have been equal to our supply; but with the rush of emigration to the West, nine-tenths of whom are producers, and who enter at once upon the prairies, or openings, and who the next year produce a surplus sufficient to feed half a village, what, I ask, is to be done with the surplus they will produce? So far as wheat is concerned, it may be exported in the grain without preparation; but corn, corn meal and flour, must have the moisture extracted without deterioration of color or flavor, before it is sent abroad, or undergo the same preparation if it is kept at home for a period of a few months. Without this precaution, capitalists will never invest in breadstuffs. With this precaution, they will. And when capitalists invest, remunerating prices must follow, as they have the power to affix prices.

These remarks pertain more particularly to the wheat regions of the North. What effect will a machine of this kind have upon the great staple, Indian corn—that most nutritious food for man or beast? It is the principal product of our great valleys leading to the sea. Yet after using all hitherto known devices, the risk of handling it is over one-fifth of its cost. This risk pertains wholly to its becoming injured by fermentation, produced by its natural moisture. If through this machine we are enabled to preserve this important product, (and should Great Britain continue to encourage its use, Indian corn will become the principal breadstuff used in the British isles, while their cattle and hogs will be fattened on it in the same manner as with us,) then the corn-growing states, having a sure market for their surplus, their interests become at once identified with those of their cotton-growing brethren. Then, without doubt, will Free Trade be triumphant. European operatives will be better fed, while American operatives will be better clothed and fed than any other.—*Journal of Commerce.*

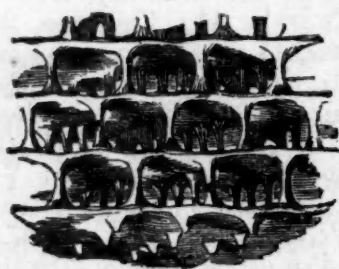
**CITY STATISTICS.**—The number of streets, avenues and places which intersect the city of New York, is 375; of Banks, we have 33; Insurance Companies, 100; Periodicals, 50; Newspapers, 98; Miscellaneous Schools, 110; Moral,

Benevolent and Literary Associations, 116; Consuls, 41; Churches, 227. Of the latter, 41 are Protestant Episcopal; Presbyterian, 33; Methodist Episcopal, 31; Baptist, 26; Roman Catholic, 17; Dutch Reformed, 15; Jewish, 9; Congregational 7; Unitarian, 4; Universalist, 4; Friends, 4; Lutheran, 3; Associate Presbyterian, 13; Welsh, 2; Methodist Protestant, 1; and Miscellaneous, 12.

**RUSSIAN GOLD.**—A report has been published at St. Petersburg of the produce of the gold mines in the Ural Mountains, which were discovered in 1819. They have proved to be a great deal richer than was at first expected—thanks to a new system of working them—and have become the source of a very fine revenue to the imperial treasury. Last year they rendered 68,880 lbs. of gold, which being estimated at 1250fr. the pound, amounts to 86,000,000 frs. The mines contain, also, a quantity of small particles of gold, washed down with the sand from these mountains—from which, together with that of Siberia, the State has, since 1819, derived no less than 717,000,000fr.—SEL.

**"A SUMMER IN THE WILDERNESS, BY J. LANMAN."** Published by D. Appleton, & Co., New York.

Mr. Lanman has given us, in this work, many striking descriptions of scenes and scenery along the route of his journey to the far west. He is an artist; and his readers at every step, enjoy some advantage from taste and habits of observation cultivated in the practice of his art. In regions extensive, wild and thinly populated, as those on which his route chiefly lay, his plan and style of writing are peculiarly appropriate. He has selected single scenes at the principal points, and briefly described them, without any attempt to exaggerate for effect, and in language very appropriate and correct. We have seldom seen a book of late years, even from a writer of greater age than Mr. Lanman, which showed at once so much cultivated taste for the beauties of nature, and such a degree of freedom from the prevailing and flagrant vices of style. The moral sentiments expressed in the work do no less honor to a young American.



INSCRIPTIONS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

These figures, indistinct as they are, afford a pretty correct idea of thousands of those supposed hieroglyphics, which have been discovered among the ruins of Central America and Mexico. Large portions of them are so worn by time, as to leave the observer in great doubt respecting their original appearance: but those which are in the best state of preservation are so indistinct in their details, as to leave it very uncertain, whether they were significant characters or mere ornaments. There is evidently a great diversity in their details: but such as belong to the same group are of equal size and uniform shape, or at least enclosed by square figures of similar dimensions. These are disposed on different sides of sculptured figures, on columns, on the walls of temples, and in other positions, in several rows, usually occupying the places assigned to inscriptions in the ruins of Egypt and Assyria; and often bearing a striking resemblance to written characters, at the first glance. They especially resemble, in many instances, the hieroglyphical figures of the ancient Mexicans, which were disposed in the same order, and usually composed of much curving lines, intermingled with a few dots, liable to be thrown into indiscriminate confusion by a little injury to the surface of the material.

Strange as it seems, however, no person has yet offered any clue to the explanation of one of the figures, nor has any satisfactory proof been adduced of their being either significant or insignificant. There is such a general resemblance between them, that the few copies we have given above, may serve as fair specimens of many hundreds or even thousands; and if we should lay before our readers a much greater number, they would be able to form no more distinct ideas of their nature. If they are characters originally expressing words or things, they were unfortunately devised, because

they have easily become undistinguishable; and if they were intended merely as ornaments, they want distinctness as well as beauty. We must incline, however, to the opinion, that they are characters, which, if ever interpreted, will afford important information.

**ANTARCTIC DISCOVERIES.** — Captain Wilkes, who commanded the American Antarctic Exploring Expedition, has published two communications in reply to some passages in the Narrative of the British Captain Ross, who soon after commanded an Exploring Expedition in the same direction. Capt. W. is particularly scandalized by a statement of Capt. Ross, that the latter found a clear sea where the former had laid down "mountainous land." We make the following extract:

I had no knowledge, until I saw the engraved chart in Capt. Ross's book, what was meant by the "mountain land," he had reference to. On the original chart, from which the tracing was taken that I sent him, there is not the least resemblance to the "mountain land" Captain Ross speaks of, or to the representation of it on the one that he has engraved. In the original chart, now in my possession, this "mountain land" is only twenty-seven miles in length, while the engraved one in Captain Ross's book makes it 80 miles; and it is as much unlike it in every other respect. I must most positively assert that the land as it appears on the chart he has had engraved could not have been traced from anything that was in my possession then or since. Captain Ross admits that he was in possession of the publications in Sydney, wherein it was distinctly stated that our discoveries did not extend east of 160 degrees, east longitude; consequently there could be no reason for his believing the 'mountain land' was a part of our discoveries; and what will make it still more evident is, that Ross knew that Bellaney had sailed over the position that this "mountain land" occupied on the chart. Then why not have said so, instead of vaunting that he had sailed over our discoveries."

The true policy of this country is that of peace. Dymond's calculation of the cost of an ordinary war campaign is, that it would be sufficient to endow a school in every parish of England forever.





## INSECTS LIKE PLANTS.

See account of that remarkable insect, the Mantis, will be found in our first volume, page 40. We introduce here the figure of another odd species, to add a few more facts relating to its habits and those of some other kinds of insect not less remarkable.

The Mantis is one of those species of insect which have such forms that they may easily be mistaken for inanimate objects. Some resemble the leaves, stems or other parts of plants. We copy the following remarks from a late English writer. He speaks first of the Mantis.

"Although irascible and cruel, the mantis is essentially a cowardly insect. An ant will put the largest to flight; and even their own food, if it appear in the shape of a blue-bottle fly, will terrify them. When, however, the fly is not too large, it is curious to remark how cunningly it endeavours to entrap its prey. For this purpose it raises its body, and lifting up and joining its two fore feet, it remains for hours motionless, in the attitude of one praying. When a mantis spies a fly, even at a distance, it never takes off its bright green eye from its destined booty. The slightest variation in the movement of the fly is met by a correspondent one of the eye, without moving the head of the mantis. If the fly should not approach sufficiently near, or if, on the contrary, it should betray any signs of removing altogether, the mantis drags its body so cautiously towards its prey as to be almost imperceptible to the observer; it then stretches itself as near as possible to the fly, without absolutely shifting its place; and when it has approached sufficiently near, the long claws, hitherto raised and folded up, are thrown upon the victim with the rapidity of lightning. Ræsel asserts, that the mantis will hook up a fly at the distance of four inches. The insect thus caught is held carefully by the mantis, until it mangles and devours its

prey, limb by limb. Having finished its repast, the mantis cleans its claw, feelers, and head, with the greatest apparent care, and then sets forth in quest of fresh booty. Ræsel says that a male mantis will eat four, and a female six flies, daily. (The figure in vol. ii. p. 40, represents the mantis devouring its prey.)

The Hottentots consider the species which is found in South Africa an insect of good omen; especially if one should, by chance, alight upon them.

There is another insect which belongs to a tribe very analogous to the last, but whose habits and manners are totally different. It has a great similarity to a leaf. This opinion is also entertained by the Indians, who believe that these insects grow on the trees like leaves; and that, when they have arrived at maturity, they loosen themselves and fly away. It has also caused Messrs. Kirby and Spence to observe, "To such perfection, indeed, has nature in them carried her mimetic arts, that you would declare, upon beholding some insects, that they had robbed the trees of their leaves to form for themselves artificial wings, so exactly do they resemble them in their form, substance, and vascular structure; some representing green leaves, and others those that are dried and withered; nay, sometimes this mimicry is so exquisite, that you would mistake the whole insect for a portion of the branching spray of a tree."

There are also some other species, which are wingless, and therefore called walking-sticks. Throughout their metamorphoses these are stated to be more especially found only in the colder latitudes, while the winged species inhabit only the warmer parts of the world. They also bear great likeness to branches of trees, which induced one of the former mentioned authors to say, "I have one from Brazil, eight inches long, that, unless it was seen to move, could scarcely be conceived to be anything else than a small branch with its spray; the legs, as well as the head, having their little snags and knobs, so that no imitation can be more perfect."

Their habits have been stated to differ from those of the former tribe. These insects live on the trees, on the leaves of which they feed by night; they are very unsocial in their mode of life, being rarely found more than two in company; during the day they are found lying close

under the surface of the leaves of plants, with their fore legs stretched out before, parallel with their antennæ, or feelers, as if to protect them from enemies. One extraordinary circumstance has been mentioned with respect to these insects, that is, if by any violence they should lose a limb, the same is reproduced, when they undergo their change of skin, as occurs among crustacea and spiders.

They do not lay their eggs in a conglomerated mass, but indiscriminately scatter them in various places. They, as well as the more perfect insects, are so like portions of vegetables, that if one was unacquainted with the circumstance of their dissimilarity, he would be induced to pronounce them seed-vessels of some species of umbelliferous plants.—*Natural History.*

#### The Bird Family.

The Portland Tribune, which has a good ear for melody, speaks as follows of a certain musical family, who perhaps are not so much honored by the critic, as they ought to be:—

Of all the nests of singers—the Rainers, the Hutchinsons, the Bakers, and a score of other ‘families’—give us, by all odds, the “Bird Family.” To hear them in their perfection one must be astir betimes, for their morning carol is by far the sweetest, although their vesper hymn comes next to it. They commence at a very early hour, heralding the sun with their choicest notes, and vying with each other

“To congratulate the sweet return of morn.”

At about half past three, if you are listening, you will hear the choir preparing—clearing their throats for the opening chorus. At first a faint twitter will come from this and that tree, followed now and then by a short strain of delicious melody, just as you will hear in a choir of girls overflowing with music, a brilliant passage, gushing from the lips of this and that one, involuntarily as it were. After trying their voices for awhile, the prelude commences, running from tree to tree; then follows the grand chorus, swelling from the faintest dim to the fullest cress, each songster striving to outdo the other, and every note blending in perfect accord, until

“Every copse  
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush

Bending with dewy moisture o’er the roads  
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony.”

Every now and then, too, you will hear the loud-voiced chanticleer introducing a crow matin passage, with surprising effect. So the anthem rolls on, now in a sweet bewitching solo, now in a most intricate luge, and anon in a full chorus brilliant in every part that Handel might sigh with envy. Thus it continues till “The dapple-gray coursers of the morn  
Beat up the light with their bright ser  
hoofs,  
And chase it through the sky.”

The sun fairly started on his dinal track, the carol gradually dies away; and, by the time the drowsy citizen begins to rub his waking eyes, the gloous song is at an end, and the ‘Bird Family,’ one and all, are busily employed in setting their breakfast.

#### SINGULAR CUSTOM OF NORTHERN INDIA.

—A very singular custom prevails which I have often witnessed. Close to every village there is usually a mountain stream; and when nature does not provide this luxury, art often does. This small stream—sometimes a mere rill—in addition to turning a little mill which grinds the grain consumed in the village, is made to serve another very useful purpose, that of keeping asleep all the children of the place, for many hours through the day, while their mothers are engaged in domestic duties. This is done by drawing off small portions of the stream at different places by means of a spout; when the hour for repose arrives, the child is laid on a small stage of sticks and straw, with its head so placed that the water from the spout falls on the frontal bone of the head and runs off at the occiput without wetting any other part of the body! I have seen children in this position for several hours in the month of December, when the water was almost at the freezing point, and sleeping as soundly and sweetly as possible!—*Rev. J. R. Campbell.*

Russia, like the elephant, is rather unwieldy in attacking others, but most formidable in defending herself. She proposes this dilemma to all invaders—“Come unto me with few, and I will overwhelm you; come to me with many, and you shall overwhelm yourselves.—*LACON.*”



**London Brewery.**

I visited the other day the great Brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, which is, perhaps, one of the greatest wonders of London. This Brewery is situated on what is called the Surrey side of the Thames, about five minutes walk from London Bridge.

This immense establishment covers fifteen acres of ground, every foot of which is worth two or three dollars. I presented myself at the office with a written permit, and was conducted by a person who is engaged for the purpose of showing visitors around the works. The water used for making Beer and Porter is taken from the Thames, which just in this vicinity is not of the purest description. The water used for making the Pale Ale is taken from a well in the yard, which is three hundred and sixty-seven feet in depth. In one department they have five copper boilers, which hold four hundred and sixty barrels each. Then they have immense cisterns called coolers, into which the liquor when hot is drawn and kept until cooled off. The bottom of these coolers is traversed in every direction with iron pipes, through which cold water is forced, which assists to cool the hot liquor. In each of these vats a coach and four could turn round. In another department there was a great number of immense cisterns, standing on the surface of the floor, which were all filled with Beer or Porter, and kept airtight. Seven of the largest of these vats are each thirty-six feet in diameter at the top, forty-three feet at the bottom, and are twenty-one feet deep—each vat holds three thousand five hundred barrels of Ale; indeed, there is one a little bigger than the rest, which holds four thousand barrels!—The stout iron hoops around each vat weigh seventeen tons. They use on an average every day in the year, ten hundred and sixty sacks of malt, and they have now on hand four hundred thousand sacks—a sack holds four bushels, which makes the stock of malt now on hand, one million six hundred thousand bushels; and the stock of hops now on hand is in proportion to the stock of malt. In the summer months they brew in this establishment two thousand barrels of beer every day; during eight months in the year they brew three thousand barrels of beer every day.

You may ask, what in the world be-

comes of all this liquor?—which, however, when we consider how many more establishments there are of a similar character in Great Britain, to say nothing of the quantity 'home-brewed,' is but a drop in the ocean. The fact is, John Bull is a beer-drinking animal, a thirsty soul. Barclay & Perkins send their Ale and Porter all over the civilized world—much of it finds a market in the Colonial possessions of England, particularly in the East and West Indies. The great bulk, however, is sold at home, and no small proportion of it is sold in the city of London, as you may see from this fact: I know not how many licensed ale-houses and tap-rooms there are in this immense place, but they are many. Well, Barclay & Perkins supply a vast many of them with the liquor they sell. They agree to receive in payment for the same, one-third in gold, one-third in silver, and a third in copper coin; and so extensive is the sale, that two men, each with a stout horse and cart, do nothing from Monday morning till Saturday night, from January to December, but go round to the customers and gather in the pennies, which are tied up in small bags, and which contain each a couple hundred pennies. When the collector has his horse-load, he drives back to the counting-room, deposits his burthen and goes off for more. Others are engaged to bring in the silver and gold.

There are employed in this establishment about 400 men, and 187 horses, immense animals. "Big as a brewer's horse," has long since passed into a proverb in England. One of the greatest curiosities in the works was the stable where these animals are kept. Most of them were in their stalls when I went in. We have no such horses in America. Where the breed came from I'm sure I don't know. Each horse is valued at sixty-five pounds, about 320 dollars. The largest horse of the lot is 18 1-2 hands high, and is large every way accordingly, and the men who drive these horses seem to have been selected upon the principle 'of the eternal fitness of things,' for they are as large and stout for men, as the horses are for horses. Their dress is also uniform. They all wear brown linen frocks, with a sort of crown embroidered around the collar and in front. They wear corduroy breeches fastened at the knee with some half a dozen brass

buttons. Their stockings are white cotton, and their feet are adorned with a pair of thick soled bootees, laced up in front with a leather string. They are indeed bold, brawny samples of heavy yeomanry, and appeared to me as a class the strongest and most athletic men I had ever seen. Talk to those men about drinking pure cold water as a beverage, in preference to ale, and they would eye you with amazement, not to say contempt. They are the true beer-drinking, beef-eating Englishmen.

In this establishment there are two steam engines of about 100 horse power, which are used for various purposes, such as grinding the malt for the vats, and the food for the horses. In this place there is no loss, even the scum and dirt which arises from the fermentation of the liquor is carefully preserved, and is sold to the gin distillers, from which to distil that most horrid bad liquor, which is consumed in this city in great abundance. Speaking of gin reminds me of the immense number of gin palaces, as they are here called, which are located in the various parts of London. It would seem that the gin palace shines forth in its greatest splendour in those sections of the city where the greatest amount of poverty and wretchedness is congregated.

You will see them in all the gorgeous attractions of gas lights and reflectors, and magnificently decorated lamps, about the purlieus of Covent Garden and St. Giles', receiving additional attractions from the wretchedness which surrounds them. In the evening they appear to reap their richest rewards, say from candle light to one or two o'clock in the morning. There is a continual influx and reflux going on. If you do not wish to enter one, just watch when the door opens, and you will see the long counter guarded all the way along with customers calling for or drinking their gin: men, women and children. And within the counter you will perceive some half dozen handsome looking young women serving the customers, making change, and talking and chatting merrily with those outside the bar. I have been told that even the 'dribbles,' by which I mean the droppings and slops from the tumblers on the counter, are preserved and sold to the inferior gin shops at reduced prices.

[Saturday Courier.]

### Gun Cotton Explosion.

The foreign papers give an account of the explosion of the gun-cotton works of the Messrs. Hall at Feversham, in England. It occurred on the 14th of July, and killed about forty of the workmen employed in the buildings.

These works were built for a powder mill. They covered an area of twenty acres and the walls were unusually massive, being about eighteen feet thick. The building was divided into four separate parts (called stoves) so that the explosion of any one might not affect the others.

Just previous to the explosion, the works were in full operation. Between forty and fifty persons were employed in the two cotton stoves, and in the steeping department. Nothing seems to have occurred calculated to occasion the slightest apprehension up to the moment of the accident taking place. As near as can be ascertained, about a quarter past eleven, while the work people employed in the (No. 4) were actively engaged the explosion occurred.

The effect, a few moments after it took place, can scarcely be imagined. The No. 4 stove was literally blown to atoms. Of the massive brickwork forming this structure, not one brick remained upon another, and, marvellous as it may appear, the earth to the depth of five or six feet beneath the foundation, was torn up and rent into chasms, as if by the shock of an earthquake. The materials rising first into the air to an immense height fell in different directions, and a large portion, clearing the mound of earth which separated the buildings Nos. 4 and 3, came with great violence on the roof of the latter. This was but the work of a moment, and the next instant the stove No. 3, the contents of which had beyond doubt ignited from the fallen materials of No. 4, exploded in a similar manner. With the exception of the chimney, which is still standing, this building is reduced to a wreck. Nos. 1 and 2 (still used as powder mills) were extensively injured, and almost wholly unroofed; while the building in which the steeping process is carried on, situated as before stated in the rear of No. 4, was blown completely down, and the massive machinery which it contained hurled into a stream which skirts the northern boundary of the premises.



Of the unfortunate beings at work in No. 4, scarcely a vestige was discovered near the scene of the explosion. Arms, legs, and portions of shattered trunks were thrown in every direction, and in some cases to an incredibly long distance. The remains of the unfortunate creatures engaged in No. 3 were less mutilated. Some of the parties in No. 3 were extricated alive.

The extraordinary effect of the explosion on the buildings in the neighborhood and on the corn fields in the vicinity, cannot possibly be realised except by an eye witness. The roofs of all the buildings within about a quarter of a mile of the explosion are completely stripped of their tiles, and the walls are much shaken. Even in the town of Feversham, fully a mile distant from the scene of the disaster, windows were broken, and the houses otherwise damaged in some instances. On the opposite side of the stream which forms the northern boundary of the Marsh works is a field of wheat of some extent. The explosion has completely blasted this over a space of about two acres, and the ears, drooping and discolored, present a scene of desolation in perfect character with the adjoining ruins.

The willow trees which skirt the bank of the stream referred to, and, indeed, all the trees within about fifty yards of the buildings, No. 3 and 4, are torn up by the roots and scattered about in all directions. Those more distant are less seriously injured, but the foliage of all within a very large circle is wholly destroyed. Another remarkable instance of its power was shown in the forcible ejection from a deep well of two massive pumps, the leaden pipes of which, nearly twenty feet long were drawn up and thrown to a very considerable distance.

The explosion was heard at an enormous distance from Feversham. At Deal and Maidstone, and even at some places more than thirty miles from the scene of the accident, parties are described to have heard it distinctly.

**ANNEXATION IN AFRICA.**—A number of the kings and head men of the country surrounding the Maryland African colony at Cape Palmas, have voluntarily placed themselves and their people under the jurisdiction of the colony. The event affords a gratifying proof of the whole-

some influence which the colonists have acquired over the native tribes in their neighborhood.

#### **The Daye Monument Association.**

At the meeting of Printers in Boston, for the purpose of erecting a monument to STEPHEN DAYE, the first printer in N. America, an Association was formed, of which J. T. Buckingham is President, and the craft throughout the Union are invited to become members. The following communication expresses views that we believe will be generally agreed to.

#### **MONUMENT TO THE FIRST AMERICAN PRINTER.**

It will be noticed that the convocation of printers and gentlemen connected with the press in England purposing to erect a monument in memory of Caxton, has received universal commendation—and if I am not mistaken the work will commence at once. The same idea has been recently suggested by our Boston friends; and necessary steps have accordingly been taken towards forwarding their doings as it would appear by the Boston papers. A meeting has been held on the subject, and in furtherance of their object, a President, Vice President, Secretary and Board of Trustees have been duly appointed. The association embraces Printers only, not refusing contributions from other individuals however. Employers become members by paying three dollars, Journeymen one dollar and Apprentices fifty cents. This is a noble object and the undertaking will undoubtedly prove successful. When we visit the beautiful grounds of Mount Auburn, with what delight, mingled with reverence, shall we gaze upon the monument erected to the memory of Stephen Daye the first American Printer. How much are we indebted to the public press for what intelligence we have, and what knowledge we have acquired. In these days of science, literature, and art, it is folly for any to complain of the scarcity of books. The world is flooded with them, and magazines, pamphlets and newspapers are innumerable. Printing presses are at work night and day, and the demand for useful information through the medium of the press daily increases. What for fifty cents can be purchased now in the way of books could not be bought for twice that amount a few years

ago. Valuable works that once were very expensive, and people could not afford to purchase, can be had now by those whose means are limited at a great discount. Truly a revolution has taken place within the past five years in the literary world. If the man who first invented the art were to come amongst us now, what would he say when he found that almost every town in New England had a printing press? How many are the years too that have flown since,

'Ere had the sun lit up the rosy morn,  
When to New England, was the first Printer  
born:  
He held the 'type stick' with his won'drous  
hand  
And spread the Art of Printing through the  
land. CIVIS.

#### Caravan from the Selkirk Settlement.

On the 10th of July, there arrived at the village of St. Paul, near St. Peter's and the falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi, the most novel and original-looking caravan that has ever appeared since Noah's Ark was evacuated. Our readers are aware that there is an isolated settlement of several thousand inhabitants in a high latitude of British N. America, known as the "Selkirk settlement." Cut off from the commerce of the world, they rely entirely upon their own resources, their farms, their flocks, and fishing for support—being a community, so to speak, of Robinson Crusoes. Their crops having failed the two last seasons, they have been forced to break out of the wilds again and seek food in the market of the great brawling world. Formerly their chief point of contact with commerce was at Toronto; but now, owing to the increase of supplies on the Upper Mississippi, and the abundance of game and forage on that route, they trade at St. Paul, the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi river. Into St. Paul they came on the 10th of July, a caravan of one hundred and twenty carts, in single file, wearily moving along by moonlight. Long after the head of the caravan had reached the village, the lengthened train of followers could be seen moving over the undulating prairie, partly visible and partly hidden, between the billowy ridges of the extended plain, crawling onward like some huge serpent, the extreme rear still

invisible and partly hidden in the dimness of distance.

They had travelled southward over the prairie six hundred miles, having been nineteen days on their way, through a region abounding in buffaloes—encamping at night in a tent, around which the carts were arranged in a circle, to fence in the cattle. They were hindered considerably in crossing some of the streams—and in many places found a scarcity of fuel, and of even the dry excrement of the buffalo, which they use for fuel. They often suffered for want of water—as many of the smaller streams were so strongly impregnated with the excrement of the buffalo as to be unwholesome. They brought along a large elk, a bear and some other animals, which they had captured on their way—and many packages of furs. They had a very choice lot of buffalo robes, well dressed, which they sold at St. Paul by the lot at 3,50 each. They had with them also an abundance of specie; and waited a few days at St. Paul, for the arrival of a steamboat load of flour and groceries. The caravan was made up of men and boys of all ages, kindreds, tongues and complexions, including a large proportion of Gumbos. Their dresses were as various as could be imagined; being uniform in only a single article of apparel—all wore moccasins. The carts were made wholly of wood and hides, the hubs being covered with bandages of green hide, drawn on while soft, and there shrinking until they became nearly as tight as bands of iron. Some of these odd two wheeled vehicles were drawn by little-horses, and others by oxen, each animal, horse or ox, being geared in a harness of green hide. They are now again on their way back to the frozen wilds of the north, many of them probably never again to commune with the great world.—*Wisconsin Herald.*

**SHEEP HUSBANDRY IN THE U. S.**—According to a calculation made some few years since, there were in the United States, 34,000,000 of sheep. At a moderate and rational computation the value of these may safely be estimated at \$70,000,000, and the amount of wool annually produced at \$40,000,000. Of this vast flock, the state of New York, owned at the time of making this estimate, nearly one-fifth. The increase of sheep in the U. S., averages 1,000,000, per year—SEL.



## JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

**The Massachusetts Lead Mines.***(Extracts from the School-Compositions of a Young Lady.)*

At the distance of eight or ten miles from Northampton, is a lead mine, which is highly interesting and pleasing to the curious and scientific. The vein declines ten or fifteen degrees from a perpendicular direction, is six or eight feet in diameter, and traverses granite and other primary rocks. The vein is visible in some places from Montgomery to Hatfield: a distance of twenty miles. In Southampton, it has been explored to the depth of forty or fifty feet. The shafts were first sunk in a perpendicular direction: but, on account of the quantity of water, the men were obliged to desist. They afterwards renewed their efforts at the foot of a hill, about eighty rods distant, and worked the drift in an oblique direction. The mouth of the cavity is about four or five feet in width, and three or four above the surface of the water. The depth of the water, and the size of the passage are sufficient to admit of a loaded boat.

A person before entering the mine, must fire a gun, or beat the timbers heavily, which are placed at the entrance. Very soon a slight undulation of the water will be perceived, and shortly after a boat will be seen advancing, conveying a man, who has with him a light, and oars. You are under the necessity of throwing a cloak around you, to protect yourself from the dropping water, which you will meet with, as there are many cracks in the roof, through which the water is continually falling. When you have proceeded about half the length of the mine, the opening through which you entered will appear very small, no larger than a candle; and when you arrive at the end of your expedition, it becomes invisible. The miners have not suffered in their health.

**The Honest Boy.**

A very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools a day or two since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbors' windows, but no clue of the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the teacher; and, on the occasion of one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstances and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports. The principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere—even when alone and when they thought there was no eye to see and no one present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks.

A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy rose from his seat and said,

"Miss L——, I batted the ball that broke Mr. L——'s window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for —— to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising from his seat, "all of us that were playing should pay something because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part."

"And I!"—"And I!"

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.—SEL.

A WINTER AT SPITZBERGEN.—The interior of Spitzbergen has never been habitable. Last October a party set out from Archangel for this destination. It was composed of fifteen gentlemen, of sound constitutions, accustomed to cold, and excellent hunters. They established themselves in the small island of Barents, part of the northern group where no man yet had resided, and which was only frequented by the more valuable of the animals of the country. In a short time, however, six of them, in spite of their precautions and hardy constitutions, died from the intense cold. The remaining nine lately arrived at Archangel with much booty, but not till they had experienced the most intense suffering from various causes, the absence of daylight being one of the principal.—SEL.

## POETRY.

## The Boy and the Robin.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

So now, little Robin, you've come to my door,  
I wonder you never have ventur'd before:  
'Tis likely you thought I would do you some  
harm,  
But pray, sir, what cause could there be for  
alarm?

You seem to be timid—I'd like to know  
why—  
Did I ever hurt you? what makes you so  
shy?  
You shrewd little rogue, I've a mind ere you  
go,  
To tell you a thing it concerns you to know.

You think I have never discovered your nest;  
'Tis hid pretty snugly, it must be confessed.  
Ha! ha! how the boughs are entwined all  
around!  
No wonder you thought it would never be  
found.

You're as cunning a robin as ever I knew;  
And yet, ha! ha! ha! I'm as cunning as you!  
I know all about your nice home on the tree,  
'Twas nonsense to try to conceal it from me.

I know—for but yesterday I was your guest,  
How many young robins there are in your  
nest;  
And pardon me, sir, if I venture to say,  
They've not had a morsel of dinner to-day.

But you look very sad, pretty robin, I see,  
As you glance o'er the meadow, to yonder  
green tree;  
I fear I have thoughtlessly given you pain,  
And I will not prattle so lightly again.

Go home, where your mate and your little  
ones dwell;  
Tho' I know where they are, yet I never will  
tell;  
Nobody shall injure that leaf-covered nest,  
For sacred to me is the place of your rest.

Adieu! for you want to be flying away,  
And it would be cruel to ask you to stay;  
But come in the morning, come early, and  
sing,  
For dearly I love you, sweet warbler of spring.

[Student and Tutor.

## Farewell to City Life.

I.

A truce to care—the bustling strife,  
And sleepless din of city life  
With joy I leave and speed my flight  
To scenes of calm, but rich delight.  
What if the world account me mad?  
'Mid fashion's walks I'm always sad;  
Then cease to chide me, if I break  
Away from cold and heartless form,  
And, in a rustic cottage, take  
My share of sunshine and of storm.

II.

Place of my birth, I love thee still,  
With thy commingling good and ill,  
Thy peaceful homes, thy rude alarms,  
Thy brawling cries, thy music's charms,  
Thy founts of pain, thy founts of pleasure,  
Thy darksome depths, thy learning's trea-  
sure;  
Yet cease to chide me, if I steal  
Away from such concatenation,  
To mingle where my soul may feel  
More sweet and intimate relation.

III.

I love at morning's stilly hour  
To seek the deep sequestered bower,  
And list to many a mellow strain,  
That comes from mountain and from plain;  
Or by the brook or glassy wave  
Sweet converse with my God to crave.  
Then cease to chide me, if I shrink  
Away from pomp and noisy strife,  
And at some gurgling fountain drink,  
Oblivion sweet to city life.

[Evening Post.

## Simple French sentences, &amp;c.—

Septembre. Allons voir si le bled est bien  
mûr,  
Oui, vraiment, il est jaune comme l'or,  
Holla! Matthieu! Courez, assemblez vos gens.  
Qu'ils viennent scier ce bled.  
Charles, prenez un épi dans vos mains,  
N'ayez pas peur: les barbes ne vous pique-  
ront pas.  
Voyez combien de grains chaque épi renferme.

*Solution of Enigma, No. 49, p. 608.*—Se-  
ves, Irish, Rome, Rio, Para, Aral, Lee, Po,  
Holmes, Alps, Bass, Elbe, Rio, Charles, Ohio,  
Mobile, Balsas, Isere, Erie.—Sir Ralph Aber-  
crombie. MARTIN F. TUTTILER, JR.  
Seven Islands, Va.

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